

more. When e'er I think of an - gels then I  
plete. A mem-o - ry 'still haunts me and no

seem to see her face. There nev - er beat a heart so fond. and  
mat - ter where I roam. Her words will lin - ger in my ear through

true; And when I left the sun - ny South, right  
life; One night she whis-pered soft - ly, "Oh, I

there I left my heart, She's the sun - light of my life my Cre-ole Sue.  
love you yes I do, And I prom-ise you some day to be your wife?"

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